October 80th. *Leaves Briennefor the Military College at Paris.*

March 28th, 1785, Paris:

We have lost our father, the sole support of our youth. Our country has lost a keen, enlightened, and honest citizen. It was so decreed by the Supreme Being!

(To Madame Buonaparte.) My dear mother: It is for you to console us, the event demands it. Our affection, our devotion, will be doubled, to make you forget, so far as it is possible, the incalculable loss of a beloved husband.

October 30th. *Second lieutenant of artillery, regiment of La Fire.*

April 26th, 1786, Valence:

To-day Paoli enters his sixty-first year. The Corsicans have already, in a just cause, shaken off the yoke of the Genoese; they can do as much with that of the French Amen!

May 3d. Always solitary among men, I am here, with>* doors, dreaming, and giving full vent to all my melancholy. To what will it drive me to-day ? To thoughts of death. Still at the dawn of life, I may hope for many days to come. It is now six or seven years since I last saw my country. What madness, then, drives me to self-destruction ? Doubtless it is the hollowness of life. If one is to die, why not kill one's self ? What spectacle awaits me